



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

ly for its own welfare, but for the welfare of the world, the maintenance and the inculcation of peace is the duty, the interest, and the policy of this empire. And, let me add, that I trust the Exhibition we have seen in the present year, bringing, as it has, various nations together, will have done much to dissipate a fallacy which had at one time great prevalence—that it is the interest and the wish of England to embroil other nations, and provoke dissensions among them. I think all nations will be now convinced that, supposing we had no regard for what is our duty, supposing we were not animated by sentiments of humanity and benevolence, yet is it our interest as a nation to see other countries prosper, and that in their prosperity, and their advancement in wealth and civilization, we find the source of our own wealth and our own prosperity. I would therefore, even on the score of interest, say that, while we maintain peace, we are most anxious that all other nations should make advances in material prosperity, that we may all flourish and all advance together, convinced that the more they advance and flourish, the more happy and prosperous shall we be, and the more likely to continue with them in relations of peace and concord.

**MILITARY STRENGTH OF FRANCE.**—The material of war belonging to the French Government is valued at 430,000,000 francs. This sum is thus divided: Provisions, 27,000,000; Military Hospitals and their furniture, 17,000,000; Clothing and camp furniture, 45,000,000; 72,800 horses and their trappings, 52,000,000; Fodder, 15,000,000; Artillery department, 268,000,000; Engineers' instruments, 11,000,000. The Artillery department contains 4,967 bronze cannon, 3,411 iron cannon, (all battering pieces;) 3,800 bronze field pieces, 2,975 mortars, 4,382 howitzers, 229 bronze swivel guns, 17,674 gun carriages,—field, battering, or casement; 2,903,801 flint and percussion guns, belonging to the State, but in the hands of the army and the National Guard; 151,021 musketoons, 184,335 pistols. The Arsenal contains 6,091,234 cannon balls of various weights, 632,360 bombs, 1,600,000 shells, 212,215 grenades, 32,000,000 pounds of bullets, 52,000,000 pounds of powder, contained in projectiles, 90,000 pounds of ingredients for the manufacture of powder. Since 1845, during thirty-five years of peace, the army has been kept upon a footing of war, at an expense of 13,600,000,000 francs or, in plain English, \$2,700,000,000—two thousand, seven hundred million dollars.

---

#### TRISTAM BURGESS ON PEACE.

So long ago as 1819, the Hon. Tristram Burgess, who has since won so many laurels by his eloquence at the bar, and in the Senate, delivered, before the Rhode Island Peace Society, an able and beautiful address, from a recent edition of which, by that Society, we quote some paragraphs which cannot fail to be read with interest.

Let us pass by the great question of the lawfulness of war, and say a few things concerning peace and its consequences; and a few things concerning war and its consequences, and consider what should be done to avoid the one and secure the other.

A state of peace is the natural condition of man. He commences life with no weapons of war, no powers of aggression or defence; he has neither

fangs nor talons, nor bodily strength and activity for mortal combat. Among animals of this condition war might be obstinate; it could not often be sanguinary and fatal to life. Art alone aids the debasement of man, and puts into his hands the instruments of destruction. Had steel slept in the bosom of the earth, or been drawn from thence only for the axe or the plowshare; had art never profaned the anvil, "and forged a sword by which a man is slain;" had the war club still flourished in the forest, and the arrow been left unfledged by the spoils of the peaceful bird; had human art and human industry been exclusively appropriated to the production of the utensils of peace, man would to this hour have been in his natural condition, a state of peace.

The beasts and birds, which by nature are designed for a state of war, and live on spoil and plunder, are armed for the combat with moral weapons. The talons and beak of the eagle are formed to seize and rend his prey. His eye is his spy and his sentinel; the glance of it takes in the whole compass of the heavens. It is not dazzled by the glitter of armor; he looks with a steady gaze on the blaze of noon. Flight and pursuit cannot contend with the movement of his wing. His war is with all the families of the earth; his battle on the plain, or in the mists or clouds of the mountain. Man is not by nature prepared for such a state of war and blood; his natural condition is a state of peace.

A state of peace calls into exercise, cherishes and perfects the best passions, affections and sentiments of our natures. Families are originated by peace. They give birth to the endearing relations of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister; the most delightful sympathies of our nature could have no existence without these relationships. How could these exist, if peace were banished from the world? Lycurgus formed a nation for perpetual war. He not only expelled from his commonwealth all the arts, but all the passions, of peace. Family affections were prostrated, and at Sparta, wives and children were the wives and children of the State. The relation of soldier and general, "like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest." Love, friendship, gratitude, hospitality, benevolence, although they may start up in war, yet are regarded as troublesome weeds, and soon extirpated by the iron hand of discipline—peace is their native soil; there only can they grow, be cultivated, and flourish into perfection.

Peace is that condition of the world which gives existence and perfection to all the arts of utility and ornament. The great arts by which we draw from the earth and the ocean, food, raiment, ornament and wealth, although they may in some degree exist in time of war, yet exist like men in time of pestilence, sickly, enfeebled, and almost without life. If all the inhabitants of the world were exclusively employed in the cultivation of the soil, perhaps more centuries would elapse than have elapsed since the creation, before the earth could be reduced to its primitive condition—a Garden of Eden. It is of the greatest importance to nations, that the greatest possible number should be employed in this illustrious art. But even in times of most profound peace, a small part only of our race is so employed. Those who abound in wealth will not labor the soil to add to their mass; and they call off millions of others to minister to their personal luxury. All those who are making haste to be rich will not labor the soil, choosing rather to employ their wealth in changing the shape or the owners of the various productions of the earth. If from the remaining number of agriculturalists a further draft be made to fill up the ranks of war, almost nothing but age and infancy will be left to till the fields, and supply the nations with bread. It is more than so small a number with so feeble hands can perform—culture and plenty, therefore, are found only in the times and the regions of peace.

The various manufactures invented, and from age to age of the world improved into their present state of perfection, are all the invention and the growth of peace. All the productions of the spindle, the loom, the saw, the axe, the chisel, the hammer and the anvil, are the legitimate productions of peace. The very instruments which, in process of time perverted to the uses of war, were probably invented to make battle on wild and ferocious beasts. The bloody club with which Cain slew his brother, may have been hewn from the forest to withstand "the little tyrants of his fields." Cities were first built in time of peace, because men congregated, like other peaceful inhabitants of the earth, not for defence, but for society. It was then that first the palace, the tower, the temple rose, and glittered on the beholder's eye. Were the splendid monuments of antiquity the monuments of war or peace? Babylon was founded before the origin of wars, when there was but one family and but one language on earth. The finishing of this city, although it was done by warriors, yet was done after the storms of war had passed away, and the sunshine of peace settled on the world. All the great monuments of Hebrew antiquity were built in the eras of peace, and most of them in the reign of Solomon; a reign of peace, arts, industry and wealth. That was the great era of a nation which seems destined to survive all the disasters of war, captivity and dispersion. Was it the point of the spear, or the edge of the sword, or the peaceful chisel, which wrought the great models of the mighty masters of the Grecian school, those almost divine productions of art, which have resisted the ravages of war and the waste of time for almost three thousand years, and still from the tomb of antiquity proclaim to admiring nations the fame of that wonderful people? The monuments of Egyptian art are all monuments of peace. The pyramids themselves, which have survived the name of their founder, were surely not built by the hands of soldiers at the eve of a day of battle.

Commerce, giving employment, bread and wealth, to so large a portion of our race, is one of the great arts of peace. Mankind are interested in universal and permanent peace, in the same degree that they are interested in commerce. In a state of universal war, commerce between nation and nation is prohibited, either by extreme hazard, or positive laws. In a state of partial war, when a few nations only are belligerent, if other nations, neutral to them, become their carriers, and hang about them to share their spoil, they often become the subjects of spoil themselves, and are in their turn plundered and ruined, or, as it has happened to our own nation, dragged into the controversy. Men cannot or will not prepare for coming events, and often it happens that a change from war to peace is ruinous to thousands employed in commerce. We need not read the records of ancient times for proof of this; our country feels the dreadful truth of it. Many made rich by war, may be made poor by peace. What then? Shall the birds of the air sing at the feast of the vulture? Honest commerce will never exclaim, "Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain."

The arts of ornament as well as utility, are the growth of peace; sculpture, painting, architecture, gardening, poetry, music, are not the productions of war, although some of them, at times, are pressed into its service, or called to commemorate its achievements. The votaries of those divine arts shun the walks of war, and can study them only in the ages and regions of peace. Homer, the prince of poets, sang of heroes; but he sang at the feast not at the battle. Virgil exclaimed, "*Arma Virumque Cano*," but he indited his magnificent song in that period of the Augustan age, when the temple of Janus was closed, and the voice of war no more heard in the Roman world; and when, too, a more illustrious Bard had, in the regions of the east, announced to the nations, the glorious advent of "Peace on earth."

Science and letters, by which the world has been so much civilized, and civilization so much ornamented, the great laws of the material and moral system discovered, the regions of mind and matter explored, and the philosophy of both made easy; science and letters flourish only in peace. It is true they are at times perverted to the uses of war; but it is so as the peaceful oak which for ages has flourished in the hallowed shades of the deep forest, is, by violence, hewn from its native mountain, dragged to the ocean, and built into a battery for the hostilities, and plunder, and barbarisms of war and battle. The Saracens cultivated the sciences; but it was when they had finished their wars. When that bloody, blind, and bigoted empire was established in the east and the west, they turned their attention to letters; the learning of the Greeks and the magicians was restored by the children of Ishmael; and the Caliphs of Bagdad, and the monarchs of the Alhambra became as renowned for science, civilization, and literature, as their predecessors had been for war, barbarism and ignorance.

---

THE following poetic effusion has too much merit to be lost in the obscurity of age; it was written and published in the *Columbian Centinel*, in 1829, by a gentleman who was at that time very active in the cause of peace, and who, it is deeply to be regretted, has long since retired from that field of philanthropy. I send it for re-publication, because, although old in fact, it will probably be both new and acceptable to most readers. J. P. B.

#### TRUE PATRIOTISM.

And what is patriotism? A preference blind  
Of some small circle of the human kind?  
Who is the Patriot? He who stands apart,  
Himself, his kin, his clan, alone at heart?  
Or is it he whose thoughts more wide dilate,  
With kin and clan, embracing town and State?  
Or name you him whose more extended view,  
With town and State connects his country too?  
Or is the patriot he whose liberal mind  
Connects himself, his country, and his kind?  
Who looks abroad, and sees, throughout the earth,  
Mankind one race, one kindred, and one birth;  
Fed from one soil, enlightened by one sun,  
Whose joy, whose grief whose hope, whose heaven is one  
Who share one nature, fortune, fate, and doom,  
And sink together tenants of one tomb?  
Are these the beings whom a streamlet's tide,  
Or rivers, mountains, oceans should divide  
From kindly sympathy of soul with soul?  
Not the wide space through which yon planets roll,  
Not vast expanse, where speeds the unsought star,  
Not heaven and hell should separate so far,  
As oft imaginary lines divide,  
Beings by birth, by nature close allied.  
Oh! shame on those who think that patriot fame  
Should feed on partial, popular acclaim;  
For one small spot, the bed-room of its birth,  
To shun the sunshine of a social earth.  
Learn to look wider o'er the realm you tread,  
Learn to look closer on the silent dead;  
With keener ken attempt that world to know,  
Whither ye headlong, hourly, heedless go.  
Think of the myriads in battle slain,  
Think of their meeting in yon heaven again.  
With what emotions meet they, side by side,